

Facts, Fiction, Fashions and Features of Interest to Women

An Adjustment of Nature

By O. HENRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

beauty. Why the other half of the convalescent, the Sunday newspaper's headline work is out of his mind.

"Winona, waitress Wins Wealthy Wisconsin Woodman."

For a while we felt that Milly was on the verge of being lost to us.

During our love of the Unerring Artistic Adjustment of Nature that inspired us. We could not go over to a lumberman, doubly accused by wealth and provincialism. We shuddered to think of Milly, with her voice modulated and her brow lowered, pouring tea in the marble tees of a tree murderer. Not in Cypher's she belonged—in the bacon smoke, the cabbage perfume, the grand, Wagnerian chorus of buried ironstone china and rattling casters.

Our fears must have been prophetic, for on that same evening the wildwood discharged upon us Milly's pre-ordained confessions of love to adjustment and order. But Alaska and not Wisconsin bore the burden of the visitation.

We were at our supper of beef stew and dried apples when he trotted in as if on the heels of a dog team, and made one of the mess at our table. With the freedom of the camps he assaulted our ears and claimed the fellowship of men lost in the wilds of a hash house. We embraced him as a specimen, and in three minutes we had all but died for one another as friends.

He was rugged and bearded and wind-dried. He had just come off the "trail," he said, and of the North American fauna I fancied I could see the snow dust of Chilcoot yet powdering his shoulders. And then he strewed the table with the nuggets, stuffed ptarmigans, bead work and seal pelts of the returned Klondiker and began to prate to us of his millions.

"Bank drafts for two millions," was his summing up, "and a thousand a day piling up on my claims. And now I want some stew and canned peas. I never got off the train since I rushed out of Seattle, and I'm hungry. The stuff the niggers feed you on Pullmans don't count. You gentlemen order what you want."

And then Milly loomed up with a thousand dishes on her bare arm—loomed up big and white and pink and awful as Mount Saint Elias—with a smile like day breaking in a gulch. And she strewed down his head and let his jaw fall half-way and stared at her. You could almost see the diamond tins on Milly's brow and the hand-embroidered silk Paris gowns that he had to buy for her.

At last the billow had attacked the cotton—the poison ivy was reaching out its tendrils to entwine the summer boarder—the millionaire lumberman, thin as a reed, and as black as a miner, was about to engulf our Milly and upset Nature's adjustment.

Kraft was the first to act. He leaped up and pounded the Klondiker back. "Come out and drink," he shouted. "Drink and eat afterward." Judkins seized one arm and I the other.

Helene's Married Life

By MAY CHRISTIE

LXXXVII—Spring in the Air.

I went from Tony's presence, thoroughly upset.

My interference had done more harm than good. I had been a fool to speak with him, to reason with him. Tony was unscrupulous. He would do exactly as he chose. And neither I nor any other woman on God's earth would stop him.

The sun was shining when I regained the street. Spring was in the air. A warm, glowing wind, and tulips and daffodils, caught my attention. The flower-seller was calling out his wares in penetrating tones.

I bought a great bunch of jonquills and narcissi. Their scent was glorious. Jim would appreciate these flowers.

And then I hailed a taxi. A drive around the park would steady my nerves, and give me room in which to breathe. I wanted wide, open spaces. And I wanted solitude.

And I wanted to be alone. I rattled gaily off. The streets were thronged with people, enjoying the sweet spring sunshine. I had never seen so many people before. Not since the first early hour—were lovers absent from the scene.

The park benches were nearly all occupied. In the trees above these lovers, birds were crooning a song of love and spring.

I determined to put all thoughts of my late disagreeable encounter out of my mind, and attune myself to happiness—and love.

Exquisite shades of young green were all about me. How fresh and dewy the whole world seemed! I was so happy. I came to Mrs. Jim. Oh, if he were only with me, to enjoy the glories of this sunlit morning!

But Jim was making quick recovery. My hopes would soon be realized. The old happiness was surely coming back again.

I determined not to worry any further over Alice and her actions. Certainly she was old enough to look after herself. I had done all I could. The rest must lie with her.

A soft wind blew against my cheeks. It felt just like a benediction. I clutched the jonquills and the narcissi tight, and glided in their fragrance.

We sped rapidly through the park, and—whirling round—came back beside the bridge path. Smartly-attired riders cantered gaily by. I liked to watch the little children and their grooms riding so bravely.

And then I caught sight of Alice and Tony, trotting gaily along, as though neither had a care in the world. Alice wore putty-colored breeches and an immaculate fawn coat, with a tricorn hat perched jauntily on her golden curls. She looked as usual, very pretty.

Tony was riding close to her. He, too—I had to admit it—looked his best.

Perhaps it was a sort of telepathy that made them both look up just as I whirled by in my taxi. Anyhow, they did look up. For a moment our eyes met. Then Alice waved a hand. Her small head was tilted up, and she was laughing.

I was rather glad, therefore, when

Gaily, roasting, irresistibly, in July, my fellow-style, we dragged him from the restaurant to a cafe stuffing his pockets with his embalmers and indigestible nuggets.

There he rumbled a roughly good humored protest. "That's the girl for my money," he declared. "She can eat out of my skillet the rest of her life. Why, I never see such a fine girl. I'm going back there and ask her to marry me. I guess she won't want to sling hash any more when she sees the pile of dust I've got."

"You'll take another whisky and milk now," Kraft persuaded, with Satan's smile. "I thought you up-country fellows were better sports."

Kraft spent his puny store of coin at the bar and then gave Judkins and me such an appealing look that we went down to the last time we had in toasting our guests.

Then, when our ammunition was gone and the Klondiker, still somewhat sober, began to babble again of Milly, Kraft whispered into his ear such a polite, barked insult relating to people who were miserly with their funds, that the miner crashed down handflap after handflap of silver and notes, calling for all the fluids in the world to drown the imputation.

Thus the work was accomplished. With his own guns we drove him from the field. And then we had him carted to a distant small hotel and put to bed with his nuggets and baby seal-skins stuffed around him.

"He will never find Cypher's again," said Kraft. "He will propose to the first white apron he sees in a dairy restaurant tomorrow. And Milly—I mean the Northern Adjustment—is saved!"

And back to Cypher's went we three, and finding customers scarce, we joined hands and did an Indian dance with Milly in the center.

This, I say, happened three years ago, and about that time a little luck descended upon us three, and we were enabled to buy costlier and less wholesome food than Cypher's. Our paths separated, and I saw Kraft no more, and Judkins seldom.

But, as I said, saw a painting the other day that was sold for \$5,000. The title was "Boadicea," and the figures seemed to fill all out-of-doors. But of all the picture's admirers who stood before it, I believe I was the only one who longed for Boadicea to stalk from her frame, bringing me corned-beef hash with posch egg.

I hurried away to see Kraft. His staid eyes were the same, his hair was worse tangled, but his clothes had been made by a tailor.

"I didn't know," I said to him. "We've bought a cottage in the Bronx for the money," he said. "Any evening at 7."

"Then," said I, "when you led us against the lumberman—the Klondiker—it wasn't altogether on account of the Unerring Artistic Adjustment of Nature?"

"Well, not altogether," said Kraft, with a grin. (Copyright, 1920, by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

A Newspaper Story, the next O. Henry. Jim appears in The Washington Herald tomorrow.

We came to the park entrance, and I dismissed the taxi. When it had gone, I recollected, with a little thrill of dismay, that I'd left my flowers behind.

Oh, well, it couldn't be helped. The flowers were no flowers in this big, glad universe. I strode down crowded Fifth avenue. A holiday spirit seemed in the air. It caught me.

Too late yet to return to the St. Anny's home. My visitors' list was a nuisance. I told myself. I'd spend an hour in the shops.

Woman-like, the new spring millinery attracted my attention, displayed as it was in every second window that I passed. Yes, woman's passion for all things new was a passion that I shared. But I was fussy over the particular choice of one. I entered and before my taxi was waiting, I was highly pleased looking affair, of cool water-lilies drooping over the shade of the brim. It was just a shade too large, but it suited me.

And the bright green vanished surface of the set sat off my red-brown locks miraculously. I decided to wear this gay confederation then and there. Therefore, I removed the hat and I had set out with, ordered it to be made to my new address, and fixed the hat on my head.

When I was vastly becoming. Woman-like again, my spirits rose. Would Jim admire me in this new "chapeau"?

When I glanced at my wrist-watch, I discovered to my dismay that it was after 1 o'clock. It was twenty minutes past the hour. That hat-hunting business had absorbed me to such an extent that I'd forgotten the flight of time.

I decided that I'd better telephone Mrs. St. Anny's, make my excuses for the delay, and go just and lunch before returning to her home.

I hate entering a big restaurant alone. So I decided to wander into one of the quieter streets and choose a tiny place where the multitude doesn't congregate.

Pretty soon I found such a spot. A little clean, Italian place, famous for the delicacy of its cooking, and the alacrity with which meals are served.

I was about to enter it, when a familiar voice said:

"Miss Helene!"

And, whirling round, I saw Travis Lloyd beside me.

Tomorrow: Surprises.

BANK OF ENGLAND TO BE REMODELED

(Washington Herald-Cross-Atlas Service, Special Cable Dispatch.)

London, May 6.—The Bank of England, known the world over as the "old lady of Thread and Needle street," is to be rebuilt.

The new structure, according to expectations, will be many stories high, and will embrace some wonderful architectural features.

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Parties Contest for Favor of "Faith Ladye;" Each Selects Two States for First Contest



Mrs. Katharine Hepburn
Mrs. J. C. Borden Estee

Who is the best friend of suffrage? The Democratic party or the Republican? The National Woman's party is after the truth. It has the stage set for a contest which should reveal it. Two Democratic and two Republican States have been chosen—North Carolina and Louisiana, Democratic, and Vermont and Connecticut, Republican. To the party whose States ratify the suffrage amendment first, will go the featy and support of the women.

State Chairmen Lead.

Two Southern women of Democratic persuasion will wage intensive campaigns for the amendment in the Southern States—Mrs. E. St. Clair Thompson, Spruce Pine, N. C., State chairman of the National Woman's party in North Carolina, and Mrs. E. G. Graham, New Orleans, State chairman in Louisiana. Two Republican Northern women will rival their activities in the Northern States—Mrs. J. Borden Estee, Montpelier, Vt., State chairman of the National Woman's party in Vermont, and Mrs. Katharine Hepburn, Hartford, Conn., State chairman in Connecticut.

Delaware is expected to ratify the woman suffrage amendment soon, and give the thirty-sixth State. But with the achievement of success, the women say, it will be still a draw between the two parties as to which has done the most for the cause. In North Carolina the Democratic party has adopted a plank for ratification and Gov. T. W. Bickett has promised to call a special session in July.

Louisiana once voted suffrage down in a referendum, the city of New Orleans administering the defeat, suffrage receiving a majority of the votes outside of New Orleans. The Louisiana legislature meets in regular session in May and is expected to pass favorably on suffrage. No sessions are scheduled in Vermont and Connecticut, but the Republican party is considered to have an advantage in the fact that the Vermont legislature last year passed a Presidential suffrage bill, which Gov. Clement vetoed. It is expected that if called into special session the legislature will ratify.

In Connecticut the Republican convention has adopted a resolution asking Gov. M. H. Holcomb to call a special session. Further, the constitution gives the legislature the right to convene itself. The handicap of the Republicans is that both governors have steadfastly refused to convene their legislatures. This, it is said, offsets the handicap of the Democrats of being in the South where suffrage has been unpopular. Anyhow, the race is on!

Virginia Lee's Personal Answers To Herald Readers' Questions

There is a big difference between idle curiosity and downright interest, but the dividing line between being curiously interested and interestedly curious is as hard to show as that between the colors orange and red in a rainbow. I am interested in many things and curious about a lot of others.

Madame Ducrot had a baby last week. I am interested in all babies and, because I know this mother, I am interested in knowing how she and her baby are doing. But I am curious to know whether her husband, who is a doctor, had another physician attend the case.

A wife is interested in her husband's business but curious to know why it keeps him at his office so late at night, if it does. I often fake interest when striving to please or putting my right foot forward in an effort to be nice. On the other hand, I never fake curiosity and sometimes rather try—even if it is painful—to hide it.

I really do not know what things interest me but quite often there is a wee guilty feeling about a lot of things of which I am curious. Curiosity is pleasant but interest is satisfying.

Mail to Ship.

Dear Miss Lee: I have a friend on board a United States ship which is reported on its way to a certain port. Would it be safe to address a letter to that port—BLDG. Address the letter to your friend, using the name of the ship and "Care Postmaster, New York City."

Shoes.

Dear Miss Lee: Are the round toes, short vamped French shoes the only dressy kind that admit this season?—EIGHTEEN.

There is a very attractive long

vamped and narrow toed slipper made with the strap or ties which are classed as "French." These are more suitable for the foot of the average American girl and equally as "stylish."

Slip.

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